

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Published Daily Except Monday by THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY 215 South Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon

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TELEPHONES: Business Office—22 or 223 News Dept.—22 or 106 Job Department—223 Society Editor—106

March 8, 1928 And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover. Now when the even was come, he sat down with the twelve. Matthew 26:19-20.

LEADING THE WORLD

Salem is leading the world in advanced things connected with the flax industry, and this is going to be true in the making of fine linens. We have the largest fleet of flax pulling machines in the world, and we are adding ten more now— And making the machines ourselves, at the prison plant. We have the first power scutching machine in the United States, a machine that is new, and few of which have been so far manufactured. And this machine is being given some new qualities of excellence in operation at the state flax plant. Other units will be added from time to time. It replaces skilled labor, and it speeds up the work and turns out an improved product— It will pay for itself every few months. Now an Erlich tow treating machine, made in Bavaria, is being negotiated for. This was authorized by the state board of control yesterday. This machine will take the retted short straw, or the straw cut with a mowing machine, and turn out a perfect spinning tow. Better than can be done by skilled hand labor, and higher priced. It also will soon pay for itself, when put into operation. The retting is done here in advanced ways; giving better results than are attained elsewhere. The by-products are being taken care of in better fashion and at greater profit than is done elsewhere in the world. Thus there is real progress, all along the line— And there are other improvements and refinements and shorts cuts in process of the making. We grow as fine fiber as is produced in the Courtrai district in Belgium—supposed to be the world's best. And in the processes of treating the flax we out Courtrai Courtrai, or any other district on earth.

RISKS BEING MOBBED

(The editor of the Eugene Register risks being mobbed. He had the following for the leading editorial in his paper of yesterday.) Florida is discussing a plan to raise a million dollars to advertise the state. The plan is fathered by David Scholtz, president of the Florida state chamber of commerce, who says: "A million dollars wisely spent in advertising would prove the most resultful investment of money that Florida has ever made." He adds: "Many of the business concerns that have entered Florida have done so because they have been convinced by advertising." Anyone who would suggest such a thing would be mobbed, but it is true, nevertheless, that the best investment Oregon could make would be to spend a million dollars in advertising in the leading magazines and newspapers of the United States. Oregon is a good state. It has a fine climate. It has immense resources. It offers splendid opportunities for profit. But the rest of the country doesn't know these things. All that is known about Oregon by the country east of the Rockies is that it rains constantly here and that this is the home heath of freak legislation. Both of these things are untrue. Oregon has less rain and more sunshine than the average eastern state. Oregon people persistently vote down freak legislation. But the east, which is abysmally ignorant about the west—except California, which advertises persistently—doesn't know that these things are untrue. It knows little about Oregon and cares less. The only way to tell the east the truth about Oregon, and get it believed, is by intelligent and persistent advertising. Oregon, in one way and another, has spent a lot of money for so-called advertising in the past decade or so. But most of the advertising we have done has never got beyond our own borders. That kind of advertising does us no good, for Oregon people know all about Oregon anyway. What we need is to scatter the truth about ourselves abroad, and the way to do that is by advertising.

A REAL UPLIFT

(Portland Telegram.) Arrival of the giant planes Cascadian and Crusader in Portland marks a forward step in air transportation on the coast. Carrying eight passengers and providing new conveniences and comforts, these flying observation cars will undoubtedly become increasingly popular as more people come to know the pleasure of air travel. There remains still in the minds of the stubbornly cautious, a persistent doubt that can only be dissolved by actual experience in the air. When one feels the steady sureness of flight and the firm support of the spreading wings, hears the unvarying whirr of the confident motor and sees the slow cyclorama of the moving landscape beneath, one loses instinctive timidity and realizes kinship with the birds. As a savor of time and money, the airplane has its material values, but its greatest attraction is the flight itself, the fact that the dragging contact with the earth is broken and a new and larger world discovered in the air. The airplane offers something more than swift transportation. It gives the passenger a swelling sense of conquest, a spiritual as well as physical uplift, that is indescribable. Circling down from the airy heights, one feels like "the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." When earthbound travelers realize the joys of the airway, the planes now in service will be all too small and few to meet the demand.

The Statesman is not much excited about the proposed

abandonment of the municipal auto camp. Unless we can have one of the finest in the country, perhaps it is as well to let the private auto camp owners have their way; let them have the field. If that is done, the private owners ought to be encouraged to refurbish their camps. Make them better and better. And perhaps advertise them, and thus advertise the city.

SWEETHEARTS

READ THIS FIRST: Lynda Fenton, daughter of John Fenton, a periodical drunkard, has obtained her first job as a typist in the office of Armitage & Son, textile manufacturers, only a few days before. Her father continually hurls insults at her and her mother, who has told her, ran away with a man who had more money than he.

Lynda's one friend and companion is David Kenmore, whose father has sunk from prosperity to poverty through high living. Learning accidentally that Lynda's father has hurt her shoulder in a drunken fit, David bathes the inflamed arm, only to have her father come in and make some vulgar insinuations. She is barely able to keep the two men from coming to blows. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY Chapter 2 Every Girl Falls for David AVID KENMORE had always lived in the big house just around the corner—the house that had once been the pride of the town, but was now greatly in need of repairs; just as Lynda's home was but a wreck of the smart little cottage to which John Fenton had brought his dainty little English wife twenty years ago. Lynda remembered when Mrs. Kenmore was alive, David had not been allowed to play with the daughter of "old drunken Fenton" if she knew it, but after her death David's father began to gamble in stocks and soon he was quite as poor as hers. Both children, when they became old enough to understand what made them almost universally shunned by others of their age, talked the matter over and decided that some day, when they were older, they would build up both houses right, or else sell them and buy other and more beautiful homes. Now, after years of hard work at school, while the city's business blocks steadily encroached on both homesteads, they were at last on the way to something which might make their dreams come true. David, who had started to work two years before, already had made a circle of friends, who, for some reason, looked askance at Lynda; she had yet to learn that even in these liberal days there are many things tolerated in a man which are not forgiven in a woman. The last few years had been very hard for both of them. The older they grew, and the more they knew of the social strata, the more sensitive they had become. Since prohibition had come in it was harder to get liquor, and their fathers spent more and more money on bootleggers and gaming tables. Many a time, when there was not enough food in Lynda's home to keep her from going to bed hungry, David had shared what little he had with her. John Fenton was a master at his trade, but his drunken lapses had cost him one job after another, until he was scarcely able to keep things going. It was David who had gotten Lynda her job with Armitage & Son after her graduation from the high school in both its commercial and literary courses. For nearly two years David had been working as secretary to Armitage, senior, who, in reality, ran the business. It was only very recently that young Armitage had come into the office; consequently, David had never met the son of the elder man, because just lately, at his own request, he had been transferred to the sales force and had gone on the road. All the girls in the outside office had their eyes out for him, realizing that he was, of all the younger crowd, the coming man in the firm. With the words "Dear Davie" on her lips, Lynda fell asleep to awaken early next morning. Rising as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb her father, she toasted a piece of bread and hastily drank a cup of coffee. The clock in the old church down the street chimed seven. Still she heard no sound from her father's room. She hated to go away without waking him. At last, when she heard David's whistle, she knew she could wait no longer. She left a low fire under the percolator, closed the door quietly, and went out. Soon Lynda caught up with David, and as the sun was shining, and they were young, they could not be unhappy long. They began to talk, as all young people do, about their ambitions and their future. Lynda's arm was still swollen and lame, but she told herself she was not going to think about it. She had put all the troubles of yesterday behind her, and would only think of the joy of today. David was home, she had a job, the sun was shining, and she was happy. Suddenly a black cloud floated across the sun and, as though in keeping with the shadow, David said: "I haven't said anything to you

until now about Ralph Armitage, Lyn. They say he's a pretty bad lot, and I know he is a great worry to his father, who has been a prince to me. I am sure he'll spot you in a few days, when he returns from the business trip he is on now. I think you are about the only black head in the big room, and you're certainly the prettiest girl there. "You'd better be a little standoffish with young Armitage. It would never do for a girl to let him think she might fall for him. If what I have recently heard about him is true." Immediately Lynda thought David remembered what her father had said about taking her away to a better market than himself, and her heart sank. She stopped still in the almost deserted street. "David, do you believe that every woman in the world only waits for the highest bidder?" David looked appalled. "What are you driving at, Lyn? What do you mean? Highest bidder, nonsense! I, for one, don't think so; not on your life." "Well, my father believes it. He keeps harping on the fact that my mother deserted us for a man who had more money than he, and he says that all women are the same. He insists that the good women in the world are the ones no man wants. Is that the reason you want me to be on guard against Ralph Armitage? Do you think he will want me?" David looked at Lynda in surprise. Her innocent question appalled him. He had not realized until now to what extent she had lived alone. He suddenly remembered that he had never seen her with another girl more than once or twice in all the years they had grown up together. He became aware, also, of how much he had learned and broadened since he had left school and gone to work. He felt a great wave of pity for this girl, who walked along so unconsciously beside him. He wondered what she would do and think when she heard the girls in the office talk of leading a fellow on, and whose kiss held the greatest thrill. "Lyn's in for a jolt, all right," he said to himself, and felt a little sorry he had got her the job at Armitage's. Strange, as he looked at her, he realized for the first time in all their childish companionship that Lynda's tremulous lips were red and moist, and her eyes very bright and beautiful. He told himself that he would see that Ralph Armitage kept away from her, and that he would introduce her first to Emily Andrews, who seemed always to be able to take care of herself, although she looked like a lovely piece of Dresden china that would break if one touched it roughly. He was sure that she could tell Lynda who were the right ones to know in the office. At the thought of Emily, David almost forgot about Lynda, although she trailed along beside him. Emily was a new type to him, and very fascinating. She asked so much, and he was always glad to give. When Lynda and he parted at the outside door of the offices, David went through the private hall into a room where the elder Armitage sat in great formality and state, while Lynda went into the general office filled with girls writing form letters, transcribing dictograph notes and filing or making out bills. It seemed to her that a hush settled down upon them as she came in, but no one looked up to greet her. She knew instinctively that the minds, not the eyes, of every girl in the room, were upon her, and she was sure it was because they knew she had come in with David Kenmore. Her arm and shoulder burned with pain, and she felt as though everyone of those girls could see the disfiguring scar and wondered what had happened to her. At length, for she was about one-half minute late, she seated herself at her desk and began to work. Then she made herself forget everything and everybody in the room. She kept her eyes and mind only upon the task in hand. She did not observe a very good-looking man glance over at her desk, on his way to a door at the farther end of the room. Neither did she look up, until she became aware of a buzzing all about her. "What's the matter?" she asked the girl at the next desk. "Armi has come back," she answered, "and if you ask me, I think he spotted you the first thing." (To be Continued)

DON JONES WINS WALLA WALLA, Mar. 7. (AP)—Don Jones, slugging Spokane welterweight, took a six round decision from Kid Rocco of Walla Walla in the main event of a boxing show here tonight. Jones, who won on his aggressiveness, had beaten Rocco in their first match.

PARRISH WINS LAST CONTEST OF SEASON

The Parrish junior high school hoop team closed its 1928 basketball season last night when it defeated the fast St. Paul cagemen 16 to 8 in one of the fastest, closest and roughest games this season, in the local gymnasium last night. Both teams were determined to win which brought out much roughness by both teams. The game was close from the first quarter until a few minutes before the game ended when the Parrish lads staged a rally and won by a safe margin. The half ended 4 to 3 favoring the visitors. The third quarter found the score 8 to 6 for St. Paul. By this time the large group of spectators were on edge and were beginning to see defeat for the Parrish five. Near the close of the fourth quarter the Parrish five stamped the visitors with a volley of sensational shots to win 16 to 8. Deltis, lanky Parrish center, was high point man in the contest chalking up 10 markers on field shots. Sixteen personal fouls were called during the game. The Parrish lads have had a very successful season this year. In the 22 games played they have won 14, and lost only 8, scoring 478 points to their opponents 411.

Summary: Parrish (16) FG FT PF Kitchen, f..... 1 2 2 James, f..... 0 0 1 Deltis, c..... 5 0 1 Sequin, g..... 0 0 1 Pettit, g..... 1 1 1 Sanford, a..... 0 0 0 Satchler, s..... 0 0 0 Total..... 7 2 5 St. Paul (8) Hanson, f..... 1 0 3 Welles, f..... 3 0 0 Gooding, c..... 0 0 4 Berhorst, g..... 0 0 2 Berghorst, g..... 0 0 2 Parker, s..... 0 0 0 Total..... 4 0 11 Mason, referee.

The record of games follows: Parrish..... 21 Seio..... 26 Parrish..... 17 Monmouth..... 14 Parrish..... 16 Lealie..... 12 Parrish..... 17 Silverton..... 25 Parrish..... 10 Dallas..... 26 Parrish..... 21 Monmouth..... 17 Parrish..... 9 St. Paul..... 12 Parrish..... 19 St. Marys..... 15 Parrish..... 23 Lealie..... 13 Parrish..... 35 Turner..... 32 Parrish..... 24 Stayton..... 18 Parrish..... 25 Molalla..... 16 Parrish..... 25 W. Wilson..... 17 Parrish..... 31 Stayton..... 16 Parrish..... 23 Gervais..... 16 Parrish..... 17 St. Marys..... 25 Parrish..... 30 Seio..... 24 Parrish..... 27 Roosevelt..... 10 Parrish..... 11 Molalla..... 34 Parrish..... 37 Gervais..... 22 Parrish..... 21 Turner..... 12 Parrish..... 16 St. Paul..... 8

JASON LEE WINNER FIRST TITLE GAME The first leg of the local church championship basketball game between Jason Lee and Bungalow Christian which was played in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium last night resulted in a 25 to 21 victory for the Jason Lee quintet. Boney, Jason Lee forward, was high point man in the tilt with 13 points. The Miller brothers also demonstrated some excellent team work which was partly responsible for the Jason Lee victory. Jason Lee five was behind at the first half, but during the second half solved the Bungalow defense and took the lead which was never overcome by their opponents. This game is the first of a series of three games to be played in the "Y" gymnasium between the Jason Lee and the Bungalow quintets. The next game is scheduled to be played tomorrow night beginning at 7:15 o'clock. Many attended the game last night and it is believed that a full house will be present tomorrow night. Summary: Bungalow R. Miller (8)..... (6) Clutter Bonney (14)..... (5) Barquest Bell (5)..... (5) Walker C. Miller (5)..... (2) Wood Smith (4)..... (3) Birtchet Hughes..... Referee, Glass.

TOURNEY TICKETS SELLING RAPIDLY

Tickets for the state basketball tournament which will be held in the Willamette gymnasium beginning with next Wednesday night and continuing through Saturday night, have been selling unusually fast during the past week. A check up showed that there were only a small number left and Coach "Spec" Keene urges that anyone planning to attend, get their ticket as soon as possible. Calls from all over the state come in daily making reservations for more than 100 seats for a single group. The seating capacity of the gymnasium will be increased this year as new bleachers will be installed, increasing the capacity to 3000 as compared with Thro' many, many a weary year. 2800 last year. The titles in the district so far are as follows: District 1—Walla walla high school

District 2—McLoughlin union high school. District 3—Bend and The Dalles have a chance to take the title. District 4—Medford high. District 5—Marshfield and Myrtle Point have a chance. District 6—University high of Eugene. District 7—Salem high. District 8—Tillamook high. District 9—Astoria high. District 10—Washington high of Portland.

Sports Done Brown

By NORMAN E. BROWN HEADING SOUTH.—By an odd trick of fate we find ourselves taking our first step toward the big league training camps from Kentucky. The land of the thoroughbreds, where every other sport plays second fiddle. Folks still love their horses and their Derby here, and it galls them to see a movie in which a mama horse, six years old, wins the sacred event, which Kentuckians realize is for three-year-olds only, and has been won by one of the feminine gender but once in three-quarters of a century. Al-so to see the winner ridden by a girl who doesn't have to have any credentials, including racing experience.

The Lexington Herald is drawing comment through listing of early favorites for the big event. It names Reigh Count as the leading favorite. This colt, carrying the colors of Mrs. John D. Hertz, of Chicago, won the Kentucky Jockey club stakes, as a two-year-old, and lost the Pimlico Futurity through an unfortunate incident in the running. The Herald, however, selects Republic, owned by Polk Laffoon, of Covington, to beat Reigh Count. Republic won his three races last year, and then was withdrawn because of an ailment which is thought to have disappeared. The Herald lists eight other probable entries in a first 10 group, the others are, Pete Wrack, Victorian, Vito, Toro, Dark Eagle, Sorlie, Mistep and Wacker Drive. Pete Wrack ran in the Belmont Futurity and Pimlico event. Victorian is a Harry Payne Whitney horse, and a full brother of Whiskery, last year's Derby winner. Toro and Vito performed well last year. Sorlie won two races on successive days. Mistep won the Great Western Handicap, last fall, as well as another important event. Dark Eagle did not start last season, but showed remarkable form in workouts.

Francis Hogan, young Giant catcher, an unknown a year ago, already finds himself basking in the limelight of public attention as a result of the trade which sent him to the New York Giants, with Outfielder Welch, in exchange for Rogers Hornsby. In Hot Springs, Ark., the day the Giant battery squad arrived there for preliminary workouts before joining the regulars at Augusta, Fla., Hogan was the big topic under discussion. Now, ordinarily, a rookie catcher would receive very little attention alongside the regular battery men and the old-timers. But that day found most folks turning their attention toward Hogan. "There's the chap who was traded to the Giants in that Hornsby deal," said the fans, as they watched the men unlimber the first time. The 18 other members of the squad played second fiddle. Apparently Hogan isn't the kind of a lad that this sort of attention will make self-conscious. He showed his complete disregard for the ordinary conventions when he delivered himself of the immortal remark that the deal was one of it. Hogan immediately—on his arrival at Hot Springs—found himself wished into the rounds of golf and what not outlined for the visitors. He took advantage of the extra training period to cut down his weight. If he faces a handicap in making the grade with the New York club it is the handicap of a tendency to become heavy. He can carry some weight, however,

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen [Illustration of a woman reading a newspaper]

POOR PA By Claude Callan [Illustration of a man sitting at a desk]

"I didn't intend to have Ben an' his folks for supper, but Pa backed the car over that old red rooster of ours." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

"I destroyed the letter 'n' any people an' told Ma everythin' that was in it except about them walkin' me to help Minnie." (Copyright, 1928, Publishers Syndicate.)

as he stands over six feet tall and has a huge frame.

Sam Rice, of the Griffith clan, was in his element, as usual. Rice takes golf trophies in the spring tournaments at Hot Springs the way a sugar baby takes a sugar papa. Rice is preparing for his usual year in the outer garden for the Washington Senators. He and Jess Petty, Brooklyn left-hander, are among the other major leaguers who limbered up aging muscles at the resort.

Guardian Loan Association Sound, Commissioner Finds

The Guardian Savings and Loan association, with Oregon headquarters in Portland, is in sound financial condition, according to an announcement made here Wednesday by Mark McCallister, state corporation commissioner. The announcement was made following the annual audit of the association's books by employes of the state corporation department. Mr. McCallister sometime ago threatened to cancel the permit of this association for non-compliance with the Blue Sky law. The association has since complied with the requirements of the corporation commissioner, Mr. McCallister said.

FIRE THEATER 6 THEATER—DRINKS POISON

NEW YORK, Mar. 7.—(AP)—Florence Billie Alexander, formerly of Kansas City and Tulsa, today drank a toast in poison to George J. Hoelzer who had befriended her, and died as he attempted to resuscitate her.

Read the Classified Ads

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From columns of The Statesman of March 8, 1903.) The Seattle Times credits the Willamette university basketball team with winning the coast championship, as a result of its recent victory over Portland.

Tacoma—Christ Benson, slayer of Jailer Morrell, was captured in a deserted mill just outside this city.

The prune crop is about disposed of, at generally satisfactory prices.

"Mrs. Hallie Parrish Hinges of Salem is probably the most widely known vocalist in the state."—Baker City Democrat.

Read the Classifieds

Exactly SUITS ELDERLY PEOPLE

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound quickly stops teasing harassing coughs that tire out and prevent sleep. No chloroform, no opiates to dry up secretions and cause constipation. Ideal for elderly persons. SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOLEY'S HONEY-TAR COMPOUND CAPITOL DRUG STORE

JUST A TIN CAN THAT'S WHAT THE EXPERT CRACKSMAN THINKS OF YOUR SAFE—IT'S SO EASY FOR HIM TO OPEN— WE SELL SAFE BURGLARY INSURANCE— BECKE & HENDRICKS 180 N. High Telephone 161

FREE VOTING BALLOT This ballot is good for 200 votes for the candidate in The Oregon Statesman Subscription Campaign, whose name is written on it. Do not fold. Trim. Name Address VOID AFTER MARCH 10TH, 1928 ANYONE CAN VOTE FOR FRIENDS

BLANKS THAT ARE LEGAL We carry in stock over 115 legal blanks suited to most any business transactions. We may have just the form you are looking for at a big saving as compared to made to order forms. Some of the forms: Contract of Sale, Road Notice, Will Forms, Assignment of Mortgage, Mortgage forms, Quit Claim Deeds, Abstract forms, Bill of Sale, Building Contract, Promissory Notes, Installment Notes, General Lease, Power of Attorney, Prune Books and Pads, Scale Receipts, etc. These forms are carefully prepared for the courts and private use. Price on forms range from 4 cents to 16 cents apiece, and on note books from 25 to 50 cents. PRINTED AND FOR SALE BY The Statesman Publishing Co. LEGAL BLANK HEADQUARTERS At Business Office, Ground Floor